



Apple Pie.

When our cook she makes a pie,
You oughter see her fingers fly!
She sits an' holds a yellow bowl,
An' stirs so fast she keeps a hole
Down through the middle of the stuff—
There's milk an' eggs, an' flour enough—
And maybe other things, but I
Forgot just all that makes a pie!

When our cook she makes a pie,
She rolls the dough that, by and by,
Is two round blankets; then you'll see
Her slice some apples evenly.
Pump into bed she makes 'em pop,
An' cuts some peep-holes through the top,
So they won't smother when they lie
All warm an' sugared in the pie.

When our cook she makes a pie,
She balances the plate up high,
And with a pleasant snappy sound
She trims it nicely all around.
And when she's thumbed the edges tight
"The apples can't get up at night."
But when she's baked it, then, oh my!
You never eat such apple pie!
—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

Dare Base.

Dare Base is a tag game. At each end of the yard is a goal. Midway between draw a line, which is dare base. A child or catcher is at each end of the dare base. At a signal the children pass from one goal to the other, and those who are tagged as they pass over the dare base become catchers with the others. So on till all are caught. After the children cross the dare base they are safe.

Minko.

Minko is a game played by the Japanese boys. Two boys play it; one throws a red disk face down on the ground, and the other tries to strike



it so hard with his green disk that he turns it over and thus wins the red one.

The Bells of Japan.

One of the sweetest of them rings out many times every day into the waiting air, in a far-away little city. Its tone is intensely thrilling and pathetic. The bells are not sounded by a clapper, but are struck from the outside by a sort of wooden arm. Being withdrawn to the proper distance and released, it strikes the bell once; the strokes are allowed to succeed one another only with dignified and stately regularity. Tradition says that the finest bells have much silver in their composition, which may account for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be so or not, the bells make a profound impression upon all sensitive and musical persons, heretofore accustomed to the more discordant bells of our western civilization.—St. Nicholas.

Up-Helly-A.

Up-Helly-A! one of the few ancient British customs which survives, is still kept as a carnival by the Guizers or the Shetland Isles at the end of January, at Lerwick.

Thirty squads of from six to twenty persons each are formed, and every squad has a distinctive fancy dress. A fine model of a Norse galley is built, gilded and decked with glittering shields and Norse raven banners. Sometimes there are two or three small galleys.

Early on Up-Helly day an immense poster, attested by the sign manual of the Worthy Chief Guizer, is placed at the market cross, declaring the route of the procession.

In the afternoon the children parade the streets, drawing pretty little models of galleys and dancing round little bonfires, in which the galleys are burnt.

In the evening there is a torchlight procession of Guizers. The great galley, with a crew of quaintly-attired musicians, is drawn through the town and afterwards burnt in the market close.

Then bands of Guizers, still in fancy dress, make house-to-house visits in the town, and eat, drink and dance far into the night with their entertainers.—London Mirror.

A Trick With Water.

If a drop of water is let fall on a piece of paper, it spreads in a large circle. If, however, the paper has been oiled, or covered with lamp-black or some similar substance, the drop of water will roll upon it as a ball slightly flattened. This fact may be made use of for the performance of a pretty trick.

Take a band of rather strong paper, about a foot wide and as long as possible—several sheets pasted together end to end will do admirably—pass it over a smoking lamp, or better, still,

cover one side of it with graphite, commonly called blacklead or plumbago. Stand upright on the table several books decreasing regularly in size, and pin the band of paper on their backs, taking care that the waves in the paper are longer and more shallow as you approach the smallest book. At the lower end of the band place a dish. At the other end pour water drop by drop on the paper. The drops will roll rapidly down the first incline, and with the impetus thus gained will remount over the back of the second book, and so on over one book after another till they drop into the dish.

Wiggles—A Game.

The worse artist you are, the more fun this game is!

Give each player a pad and pencil, and have each draw a short, crooked line on the paper. Then let each exchange pads with his neighbor. The person who receives his neighbor's pad must then make a picture—bird, beast or whatever else he pleases—in which he incorporates his neighbor's "wriggle" and makes it heavier in outline, so as to distinguish it from the rest of the drawing.

Shouts of laughter will greet the drawings when they are hung up for exhibition.

A prize should be awarded to the cleverest, and also to the most ridiculous one, and the artist of each one should be compelled to rise and accept his prize and bow his acknowledgments to the audience.

Flower Emblems.

Fleur-de-lis	France
Violet	Athens
Shamrock	Ireland
Sugar Maple	Canada
Linden	Prussia
Mignonette	Saxony
Rose	England
Sacred Lotus of Nile	Egypt
Lily	Italy
Cornflower	Germany
Leek	Wales
Thistle	Scotland

The Fighting Pellets.

Lay two cork pellets on water in a glass or small basin, and they will approach each other more and more until at last they dart together with a rush. Now take away one of the cork pellets and put a tiny pellet of wax in its place. Immediately the

two pellets will fight—that is, the cork pellet will push the wax pellet violently away from it.

Why is this?

Owing to adhesion, the water under each of the cork pellets is a little higher than it is on the rest of the surface. In its efforts to equalize this the water draws the two pellets together.

The wax pellet, however, exerts no such influence on water. It sits lower on the water, therefore, than the cork pellet, and actually slides away from the latter whenever it approaches its little hill of water.

Woman Owns Talking Canary.

Mrs. John Fry of Hartford, Conn., has a talking canary. Its vocabulary consists of the words "Sing, sweet, for your mother, boy." It also laughs and whistles.

For Fun.

Do you know your friends' hands? Some time when several are present



let each lay his or her hands, with the fingers open as wide as possible, upon a sheet of plain white paper, and then with a pencil mark the outline of the hand. Then shuffle the outlines and let all guess which is whose.

Man-Eating Tiger Scared.

One day while two brothers were cutting bamboos near a village in India a man-eating tiger sprang out of the jungle on one of them, knocked him down and was about to carry him off when the other flung himself on the brute's back and shouted at the top of his voice. The tiger was so surprised at the novelty of the attack that it dropped its prey, shook off its rider and bolted. Unhappily, the victim had been so badly bitten and otherwise mauled that he did not recover. These man-eating tigers are the curse of the villages. They are tigers past active work that skulk about in the long grass on the chance of snapping up an easy meal. The incident is interesting as proving once more the effect of the human voice, loudly and vigorously used upon wild animals.

Witch Fortune Party

Boys and girls may find much amusement at a witch fortune telling party, such as is described here.

The boy or girl through whom the "all wise" witch speaks takes his or her place behind a curtain, as is shown in the accompanying picture, No. 1. The presence of this person must be kept a secret from the guests, who are seated in the parlor, facing the curtain, or "cabinet," as it may be called.

Let us take it for granted that the principal performing in the cabinet is a boy named John, thus simplifying the description.

The curtain to form the cabinet is hung diagonally across one corner of the room, leaving space behind it for a person to sit comfortably on a chair. In the center of this curtain, at the height of a boy's shoulders, is a perpendicular slit about twenty inches long. (Shown in picture No. 1.) John takes his seat in the cabinet just before the guests arrive, his wrists and doubled up fists prepared represent the witch. First, after binding the wrists together with a piece of muslin, the fists are rounded out by wrappings of cotton batting. Over this is drawn smoothly a white cloth to form a head. On the front side—the side that will look toward the audience—features are painted with ink and water colors. Over the

elbows when the hands are held up. (See picture No. 2.)

In the curtain, just in front of John's eyes, a small round hole has been cut, so that he may see all that transpires in the parlor.

After the guests have assembled



and been seated, the hostess explains that a fortune telling witch is in the cabinet and that she will soon make her appearance, telling the future, past and present to those desiring to possess such knowledge.

Then John thrusts his fists (the witch's head) out through the opening in the curtain, and in a high falsetto voice says "Good eve to you, ladies fair, and gentlemen brave. I am here to read to you the things that Fate decrees shall come to pass. Let those who would have the mystery of the future solved rise, one at a time, to their feet."

As he has been speaking, John has pressed the body of the witch through the curtain, making her wag right, forward and back, in a most humorous fashion.

As the guests rise, one at a time, in accordance with the witch's order, John tells the fortunes in the same disguised voice, which seems to speak her head emphatically from left to right, from the nodding, dancing witch. Being enabled to see the person whose fortune is being told, he can touch upon little personal affairs that will cause much fun for the guests.

The two accompanying pictures will give a good idea of how the witch is made and the manner in which she will appear.

WAYS THAT BRING BAD LUCK.

Waste Is Not Generosity, Nor Is Thrift Stinginess.

There is an old superstition that it is bad luck to burn a piece of bread. The origin of this is obvious, says the Saturday Evening Post, though probably few indeed of those who religiously adhere to the superstition have paused to think that it dates from those times when families were part of the regular order of life.

Famine no longer troubles the imagination of men; but the broad truth under the foolish superstition remains. Burning bread isn't any more likely to bring bad luck than wasting it in another way. But wasting anything in any way is extreme provocation to what we call "bad luck." If the grown people who habitually waste do not suffer for it their children surely will—for they will follow the example set them, and rare indeed is it that a family can survive the faults of two successive wasteful generations.

Waste is not generosity; thrift is not stinginess. There are millions of Americans, especially among the poor and the not-too-well-off, who seem to think so. A thorough investigation would place at the head of the list of causes of poverty: "Wastefulness inherited from wasteful parents."

WANTED THE CAT WATCHED.

Solicitude Under the Circumstances Not Unreasonable.

The late Father Scully of Cambridge, Mass., told the following story at a temperance lecture in Medford:

There was a man in Cambridge who was a confirmed drunkard, and whose friends had tried hard to reform him. Father Scully met him one day, and thought he would try a new way of reform. He told the man if he did not stop drinking he would turn into a rat. This had a great effect. The unfortunate commenced to brood over it. He started for home, and sat for hours, thinking that he was going to turn into a rat. Finally he called his wife and said: "Mary, if ever you see me turning into a rat, for God's sake keep your eye on the cat."

An Indication.

He's goin' to be a genius, that long-legged boy of ours. He's goin' ahead an' develop some wonderful mental powers. We used to be right discouraged by not seeing his intelligence. But now we know that he moves so slow because of his thoughts immense. I've seen him sit as the hours passed by beneath an orchard limb, a succulent breakfast food. The same as of Isaac Newton did when the apple fell on him. But the thing that proves that he's talented, an' proves it good an' strong, is this one significant circumstance, he's lettin' his hair grow long.

I can't see what his line will be. Perhaps he will stump the state. An' wave his hair as an orator, decidin' a nation's fate. Or maybe he'll turn to music an' soothe us with gentle joy. He could beat the world on a jew's-harp when he was a little boy. Perhaps he will be a painter, or a poet whose tuneful mood Will wake our souls to appreciate some succulent breakfast food. But whether it's speeches or pictures or the starchy paths of song, We know he has started for something, 'cause he's lettin' his hair grow long. —Washington Star.

Quaint Horn Dance.

Among the quaint old customs and ceremonies still kept alive in country districts there is only one "horn dance," and that is to be found at Abbot's Bromley, in Staffordshire. Every year at the village wake the dance is still carried out. The origin of the horn dance is lost in the mists of history, but it has been traced back as far as the eleventh century. Until the seventeenth century it was practiced at Christmas, on New Year's day and on Twelfth day. In the time of Henry VIII. the dance was performed in front of the church every Sunday, and a collection for the poor taken up from the spectators.

Little Lesson in Living.

We all take life too seriously, of course, but to some it is a mountain of duties that must never be lost sight of. "Some day I am going to remain in bed and rest to my heart's content," said a tired woman one day, as she went over the list of things that she thought must be done. That was five years ago, and recently she was asked if she had found "some day," and she confessed that she had not. She never will, for she will never be able to dig through the mountain she was foolish enough to build up years ago. She has forgotten how to live. That is the trouble with many of us.

The Trials of Being Young.

"Age has its compensations," remarked the woman whose luncheon had disagreed with her, says the Philadelphia Record. "I never feel so thankful to be grown up as when I see a woman grab her offspring amidships and with it stuck through her arm like a sack of meal, proceed to cross the snowy or muddy street. Not content with this, she plumps the child down on the opposite corner with an irritable 'Come on.' And she never so much as looks to see if the poor little thing has survived the squeeze."

Blue Sapphires of Value.

A Moorish itinerant gem dealer of Ceylon recently secured an enormous blue sapphire, which in crude form resembles in size and equals in avoirdupois an ordinary two-pound weight block. The stone is at present in its rough state and is estimated to be worth 3,000 rupees (about \$990); when cut and polished a stone of about 150 carats is expected from it. There have been sapphires of 100 to 120 carats handled by jewelers, the value of which ranges from 4,000 rupees (\$1,320) to 5,000 rupees (\$1,650).

FRESH AIR FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Most Effective Weapon Available for Conflict With Dreaded "White Plague"

The following abstracts from an article by J. E. Stubbert, M. D., in the Medical Record, should receive wide and careful attention. No doubt if these ideas could be carried out, the "white plague" would be robbed of much of its terror:

In ancient times it was highly improper to expose a tuberculous patient, especially one beyond the first stage, to a breath of fresh air except on the mildest days in summer, while the night air was dreaded and avoided as the plague. Then the more observant and thoughtful men noticed that those who lived more in the open air did not die as quickly as the hot-house patients, and they began to urge an outdoor life and moderate exercise as a prophylactic as well as a cure for those in the early stages of consumption. Those in the more advanced stages were allowed fresh air only when it was at summer temperature, but even this was better than being kept indoors in warm, ill-ventilated rooms the whole year.

There are several plans by which the victim of tuberculosis may continuously breathe pure, fresh air by night as well as by day. Sleeping out in the open air is not harmful to a large majority of tuberculous people.

Millet, of Brockton, Mass., reports the cases of five patients whom he recommended to sleep out of doors at night. They were allowed no roof over their heads except in rainy weather. They wore soft felt hats and cotton nightshirts, sleeping under ordinary bedclothes in beds arranged on the roofs of their houses. Improvement was noted in two weeks. Coughs disappeared, temperatures became normal, respirations were easier and weight increased rapidly. No attention was paid to dampness and drafts, and heavy dews were regarded as inconvenient simply because of the necessity of drying the bedclothes.

Sleeping in a small room with an open window does not appear to be nearly so beneficial to the patient as when the nights are passed on a veranda or in a tent where there is a free circulation of air on all sides. If a patient were fortunate enough to have a large room with a southern exposure and containing one or two open fireplaces, in addition to large windows on three sides, which might be opened at night, he might derive approximately the benefit incident to tent life.

McGraham, of South Carolina, prefers the circular to the army tent, and thinks it better to place it on a platform two feet from the ground, and to do without carpets and draperies. Draperies are not necessary, but rugs add greatly to the comfort and convenience of those in ill health, and their use can be made perfectly safe by exposing them to the sunlight for a few hours daily.

Special Hospitals for Consumptives.

A hundred years ago the city of Naples, Italy, erected a large hospital for consumptives, and required the isolation of all persons suffering from this disease. It is only recently, however, that the authorities of modern cities have become awakened to the importance of this sanitary measure. Recently a number of cities have taken steps for the establishment of hospitals especially for the treatment of cases of consumption by the so-called "open-air method." Excellent results are reported from this method of treatment.

The German government has a large central committee numbering more than thirteen hundred persons, organized for the purpose of erecting hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis. This committee has under its supervision seventy-four such hospitals, and last year treated over thirty thousand patients, of whom eighty per cent were returned to their homes practically cured after remaining in the hospitals on an average of a little less than three months.

An Extra Good Appetite.

A good appetite is a symptom of good health. An extra good appetite is sometimes a symptom of constitutional disturbance somewhere. A sample letter sent to the "Questions and Answers" column of a prominent health journal was something like this:

"I am troubled with pimples, not to a great extent, but still very annoying. They appear principally on the forehead, but occasionally on other places. I often feel languid, and tire easily, and cannot gain flesh, although I have an extra good appetite. Still I am not sick, and have not been in bed for a day in my life. Age, nineteen years. Will you kindly advise me what you think would remove these pimples?"

There is little doubt but that the "extra good appetite" alluded to affords the key to the situation. The digestive organs have more than they can take care of, and consequently do not properly take care of anything furnished. There will be frequent headaches, skin disorders and alternate constipation and diarrhea with such persons. Pimples are a natural result of such depraved blood conditions.

With many people the habit of hearty eating is continued when the warm spring days come. Food which was appropriate when the thermometer was at zero is continued in the same quality and quantity when the thermometer rises to ninety degrees in the sun, and averages above sixty all day and night. The person who loses his appetite under such a condi-

tion is on safe ground. The person with an extra good appetite will have to exercise self-control or be placed on the retired list to learn wisdom by experience.

Cigarettes.

Tobacco injures men and kills children. The Chicago school board has been having a medical examination of certain pupils before allowing them to take part in certain athletic sports. Boys and girls were subjected to the same examination. Not one girl was found unable to pass, while a large number of the boys, in almost every case smokers, were found to be in a physical condition which made violent exercise of any kind very dangerous. Twenty-one out of a hundred were found unfit, and all but three suffered from some form of heart trouble. Almost without exception the unfit ones were cigarette smokers.

How to Earn Sound Sleep.

All doctors are not so careful of the welfare of their patients as they might be. Here is a story of one who went to the limit. He is the proprietor of a famous health resort not far from ——. When he receives a patient for treatment he says:

"Now, I want it understood that unless you do exactly as I say, there is no use of your staying."

This rule sometimes requires him to be very harsh, but he never hesitates. He acts on the theory that he can better afford to offend a single patient and lose him than to have that patient go back home and tell his friends Dr. So-and-So had done him no good, relates the Washington Star.

Not long ago a well-known clergyman went to this resort for treatment. The doctor looked him over upon his arrival and said:

"While you are here you must take long walks every day."

"But I can't take walks," replied the parson. "I haven't done any walking for years. My heart won't stand it."

They argued the question quite warmly. As the clergyman and doctor were good friends, the latter was more lenient than usual. However, he bided his time. The next afternoon the physician said to the clergyman:

"It's a nice day. I would like you to go horseback riding with me."

Riding they went. When they were about eight miles from the sanitarium the physician said: "Oh, doctor, won't you get me that flower by the roadside? I don't like to leave this horse."

As soon as the clergyman was on the ground the doctor galloped off with both horses, and the clergyman was compelled to walk back to the sanitarium. Upon his arrival he was very angry, and was for packing up and leaving at once. There was no train that night, so he was forced to stay a few hours longer. The next morning he came down radiant and good natured.

"Doctor," said he, "I was pretty sore at you last night, but I forgive everything. I have had the first good sleep I have enjoyed in months. Hereafter I'll obey your order implicitly."

TIMELY VEGETARIAN RECIPES.

Cream of Celery Soup—Ingredients: Celery tops, 1 quart cream or rich milk.

Method—Put tops in saucepan, cover with water, simmer one hour. Drain, return water to pan, add milk and stalks, simmer one-half hour longer, season to taste, remove celery, thicken to consistency of cream. Serve hot.

Chili Sauce—Ingredients: One quart strained tomato, 4 tablespoonfuls minced celery, 2 tablespoonfuls minced onion, sugar.

Method—Put all together in saucepan, let come to boil, set on back of range and simmer two hours. A small piece of lemon peel and a cup of chopped tart apples will greatly improve the flavor. Cook till apples are done, remove lemon peel, cool, serve.

Candied Sweet Potatoes—Boil potatoes till tender, remove jackets, arrange in oiled baking pan, sprinkle with powdered sugar, brown in slow oven.

Sweet Potato Cutlets—Pare potatoes, cover with boiling water, boil twenty minutes, drain off half the water, and cook till soft. They should be almost dry when done. Mash or put through ricer. Form in shape of chops, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and brown in medium oven. Serve with sugar peas.

Porkless Baked Beans—Wash beans, place in heavy pot and boil five minutes. Salt to taste. Bake twenty-four hours in slow oven, keeping barely covered with water. When done, the beans should be of a uniform dark brown. Longer cooking will improve.

Potatoes Lyonnaise—Chop cold boiled or baked potatoes. Season with salt while chopping. Stir in onions and parsley minced. If too stiff, thin with nut cream to consistency desired. Turn into oiled baking pan, smooth, brush with cream, brown. Serve in squares.

Turnips Stewed in Cream—Pare young turnips, cut in dice. Simmer till nearly done. Drain off nearly all the water. Add enough cream to barely cover. Salt to taste. Simmer till tender (don't boil). Thicken slightly. Serve.